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FREE IN
ISSUE 13
Spooky
Pop-up



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THE SPINECHILLER
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NATURE'S WAY



om's mother kicked aside several large, plastic
dinosaurs that were strewn in the hallway. "Just look
at this mess! Somebody's going to trip over on one of
these things and break their neck!"

"Aw, Mum," Tom complained. "But we haven't
finished playing with them yet."

"Well, I'm tired of stepping over them. When you've cleared
them up, why don't you and your sister go and play outside? It's
such a lovely day. You shouldn't be lazing around indoors, get-
ting in my way. That's why I never get anything done. And
heaven forbid that someone should offer to help me with the
housework once in a while, instead of just making more mess!"

Tom sighed and glanced at his younger sister, Annette.
As their mum walked away, still muttering angrily, they
started to retrieve the dinosaurs that were scattered
across the floor. With a scowl, Tom picked up a
fierce-looking tyrannosaurus and threw it
at the wall. Annette did the same with
a brontosaurus.

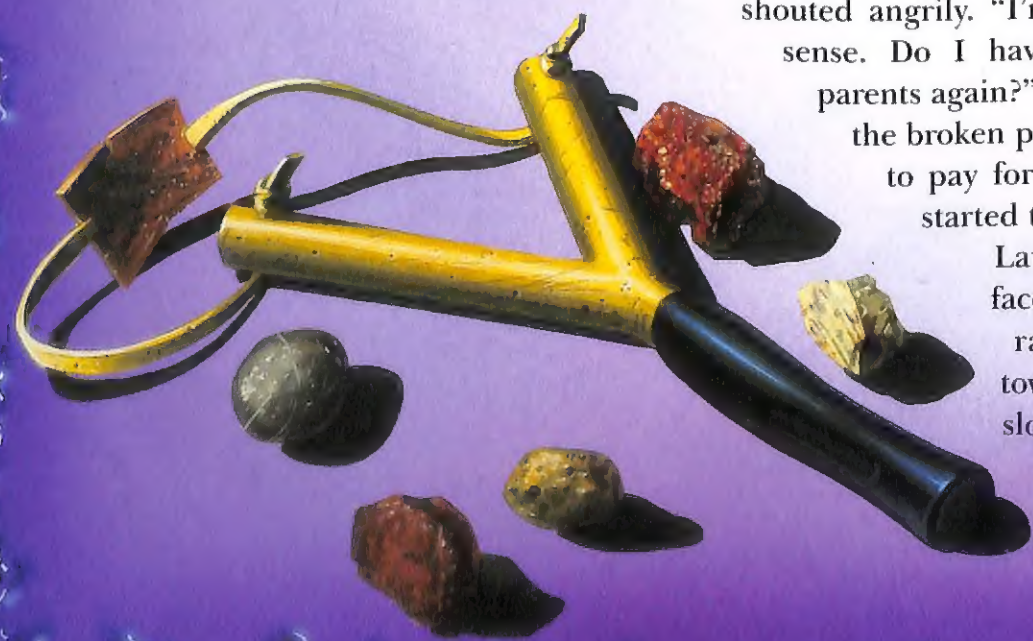


Grumbling, Tom muttered "Come on. I was tired of playing with the stupid things anyway." His sister followed him into the sitting room and flopped down beside him as he switched on the television. The wailing sound of a police siren filled the room. A bad guy on the screen was waving a remote-control device of some sort and threatening to blow up a tower block unless his demands were met.

"Can't you kids turn the volume down?" their father complained loudly from behind the sports section of his newspaper. "I don't work hard all week long so that I can spend my Sundays having to listen to that junk!"

Tom switched off the television and flashed a meaningful look at his little sister. They both jumped up and headed for the front door.

Outside, Tom searched the ground for a moment. Then he picked up a small, smooth stone and rubbed it between his thumb and forefinger. He pulled a catapult from his back pocket and placed the stone in the sling. Tom looked round, searching for a target – then he smiled.



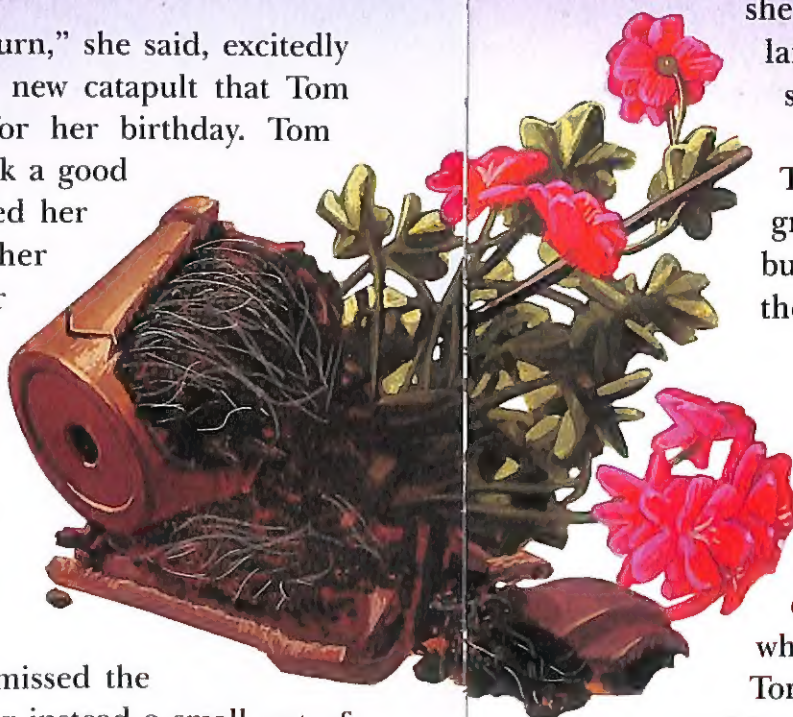
"Watch this," he told Annette. He closed one eye, raised the loaded weapon, then aimed it at their next-door neighbour's dustbin. Then he let the stone fly. It hit the dustbin with a loud clang. His sister nodded in approval.

"Now it's my turn," she said, excitedly waving the shiny new catapult that Tom had given her for her birthday. Tom helped her to pick a good stone, then showed her how to steady her thumb against her cheek as she drew the sling back. But, at the last moment, she nervously closed her eyes when she let go, and the shot was too wide. The stone missed the dustbin, shattering instead a small pot of geraniums beside the fence.

"Amateur," Tom teased. The door to the neighbour's house flew open, and Mr Davis came out on the front step.

"You kids get away from here!" he shouted angrily. "I'm tired of your nonsense. Do I have to speak to your parents again?" Suddenly, he noticed the broken pot. "You two will have to pay for that!" he yelled and started towards them.

Laughing and making faces, Tom and Annette ran down the street towards the park. They slowed to a walk, then stopped to watch Mrs Wareham busy in her garden.



The elderly woman was on her knees, digging in the soil at the edge of a bed of busy lizzies. She always seemed to be working out there, tending her flowers or filling

one of the dozen or so bird-feeders she kept. Her garden was regularly teeming with birds, squirrels and other animals.

"Look at the old witch," Tom whispered with a nasty grin. "It looks as if she's burying something. Probably the results of a spell that didn't work."

Annette frowned and said, "That seems kind of strange to me. Why would she want to bury something during the day, out in the open like this, where anyone could see?"

Tom rolled his eyes. "To avoid suspicion. Don't you know anything?"

A little hurt, Annette said, "Well, I don't think she's a witch. I think she's just a weird old lady."

"That's because you're just a little kid. You haven't seen all the things that I have," Tom said, turning away so that his sister wouldn't notice him trying to stifle a laugh. "And I don't hang around with little kids," he added, a smile creeping across his face just before he broke into a run.

"Look," he shouted. "I think Old Lady Wareham is coming this way!"

"Wait!" Annette shrieked, and took off after him.



The following day, Tom had to see the headmaster after school because he had punched Charlie Carson in the playground that morning. Annette walked home alone.

She slowed down as she passed Mrs Wareham's garden. There was a new birdbath in the centre of one of the petunia beds. A small, blue ceramic bird was perched on the edge of the bath, as though it were taking a drink. Annette smiled to herself.

"Tom would be really impressed if I could hit that," she said to herself. Certain that no one was watching, she pulled her catapult from her satchel and loaded it with a small stone. Annette released her ammunition, which sailed across the street and narrowly missed a real bird that was pecking at a crust of bread.

"Not even close," Annette grumbled aloud in frustration.

"On the contrary." The voice came from behind her. Annette whirled round and came face to face with Mrs Wareham. The woman was wheeling a shopping trolley which held a couple of bags of groceries.

"If you meant to hit the bird, you were almost on target," Mrs Wareham said sharply. The little girl stepped backwards.

"No... I didn't mean to hurt anything!" protested the young girl.

Mrs Wareham frowned but said nothing for a few moments. Meanwhile, Annette's hands started to tremble in fear. What if the old woman really was a witch? Was she about to cast a spell?



"If you continue to shoot at things with that catapult," Mrs Wareham said, "something or someone is bound to get hurt. And it might not be who you expect. Nature has a way of taking care of itself." Her eyes flashed angrily. "There are spirits that live all around us, within every tree, every flower and every growing thing. And there are guardians whose only purpose is to protect the natural world." She paused. "I'm warning you, child. If you inflict pain deliberately, Nature has its own way of settling things."

Annette continued to back away in fear. Then she noticed Tom walking home through the park.

"Look," she whimpered. "I'm really sorry, OK? Oh, there's my brother... I have to go." She made a wide circle round the woman, then fled into the park.

"Tom!" Annette gasped as she reached him. "You won't believe what happened! Old Lady Wareham snuck up on me and had me cornered. She really is a witch. She was going to turn me into something horrible... a toad or something. I barely got away!"

"Wait a minute. Slow down," Tom said, laughing. "Are you saying you really think Old Lady Wareham's a witch?"

"Yes, she is!" the frightened girl insisted. "She was going to turn me into a newt because I almost hit one of her birds with a stone!"

Her brother laughed. "You're crazy," he howled. "Old Lady Wareham is nothing more than that - an old lady!"

Annette flushed angrily. "But you're the one who said she was a witch!"

"I just said that to scare you," Tom chuckled. "And it certainly worked. You're such a scaredy-cat."

"Well," Annette pouted, "if I'm afraid of her, then I bet you are, too."

"I am not," Tom shot back, crossly. She realised she had annoyed him and pressed the point.

"Oh, really? So why haven't you ever tried to shoot anything in her garden? You scared?" she sneered. The smile vanished from



Tom's face. "Course not. Just watch this!" He loaded up his catapult, then trotted nearer to Mrs Wareham's garden.

"Aim at the little blue statue over there on the birdbath," Annette whispered.

"I'll do better than that," he bragged. "See the bird on that branch?" He launched the stone, which hit the bird with full force. The little creature crumpled up and fell lifelessly to the ground.

Annette gasped. Even Tom was surprised. He hadn't meant to kill it.

The door to the house opened and Mrs Wareham stepped out. She knelt and gently lifted the frail, feathered body in her hand. Then she looked straight at Tom and Annette, who ducked quickly behind a hedge.

"Stay down!" Tom whispered. "I'm afraid she can see us!"

The old woman stroked the dead bird with the tips of her fingers. For a split second, Tom felt a sharp, shooting sensation in his side that made him wince with pain.

At last, Mrs Wareham turned and walked slowly indoors, still cradling the tiny victim.



That night, Tom was woken from a sound sleep with the strong, unsettling feeling that he was being watched. He stared out into the darkened room. Everything was still and quiet.

Then, all at once, there was a noise - a fluttering sound - at the window. The curtains were open, and there was a full moon high in the sky, allowing Tom to see that there was nothing there. Shrugging, he rolled over to go back to sleep. But then he heard it again.

This time, Tom rose from his bed and padded over to the window. He leaned against the glass and looked out in all directions. He saw nothing unusual.

But when he turned to go back to bed, fear struck his heart like an icy blade.


On the wall over his bed was the shadow of a large bird. Its wings were spread out wide and its knife-like talons were poised for attack.



"Dad! Mum!" Tom screamed, as he dropped to his knees and cowered in a corner. A moment later, his sleepy parents flicked on the light.

"It's after me!" Tom sobbed. "I saw its shadow up there, on the wall!"

"What are you talking about?" his father demanded. Tom switched off the light and said, "There!" pointing to the shadow that loomed over his bed. But somehow it didn't look the same. "So what?" said his father, crossly. "It's just the shadow of a tree branch. Is that what you woke us up for?" Tom stared at the dark silhouette. It had changed.



"I suppose I made a mistake. Sorry," he mumbled. He watched his parents leave, then, with one last look outside, he drew the curtains across his window. He slipped into bed and tried hard to go back to sleep.



The next day at school, Tom once again had the unshakeable feeling that he was being watched. He couldn't concentrate. He ate his lunch alone and, as soon as the final bell rang, grabbed his jacket and left school without waiting for Annette. On the way home, he heard a noise in the dense hedge by the path. Tom stopped and peered into the leafy shadows.

"It's just a mouse or something," he told himself.

"Nothing to be afraid of." But he quickened his pace to a trot. He had reached halfway across the almost-deserted park when he felt the first peck on the side of his head. Something had struck him. In panic, he looked from one end of the park to the other, but he saw nothing. Then, with a whack, something hit him hard on the shoulder. He whirled around to fight it off... but there was nothing there.

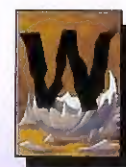
"Where are you?" Tom cried. "What do you want?" In answer, he heard a loud screech from above him. Although he couldn't see his attackers, he could hear the flurry of wings and feel the pain of many beaks and claws as they dug repeatedly into his skin.

"Leave me alone," he wailed, covering his head with his arms and running blindly to escape his invisible tormentors. Suddenly he slammed at full speed into the high, wire netting park fence. Then, as he tried to clamber over the fence, the attack ended.

For a moment Tom felt relief... until he glimpsed a half-remembered shadow circling on the ground.

Still clinging to the fence, he turned his gaze upwards and saw a beautiful bird diving

towards him at great speed. Just before Tom lost his grip, he noticed the bird's gold-flecked eyes. Then, with a shriek, Tom tumbled to the ground, and blacked out.



When he came to, Tom was looking into the same gold-flecked eyes, but from a totally different angle.

"Don't worry, little one," someone soothed him. "You will be well cared for... a life for a life." Tom was sure that he'd heard that voice before. But where? And then he understood that he was gazing into Mrs Wareham's eyes.

"Nature has a way of settling

things," she continued, gently. "I told your little sister that. I told her all about us. Of course I didn't tell her that I, too, was a guardian."

In spite of the old woman's calming tone, Tom was terrified. All he wanted to do was run... to get away. But instead of running, he felt himself rising.

He glanced down at his body and tried to scream for help. But Tom could no longer form words, for he was no longer a boy - he was a bird.

Wheeling high in the sky, Tom suddenly felt a searing pain in one wing. Blood seeped across the edge of his flight feathers, and he looked down to see Annette loading her catapult again.

"Wait until I tell Tom," he heard her say as he plummeted towards the Earth. "He'll be dead impressed!"

THE END



OUR HAUNTED WORLD

This week, SpineChiller takes you to southern Africa for more spooky stories...



HOWZAT?

Hundreds of metal balls have been found in a South African mine. One of them has markings on it just like a cricket ball! All the balls look man-made but they have been dated from three billion years ago, long before any humans were around!



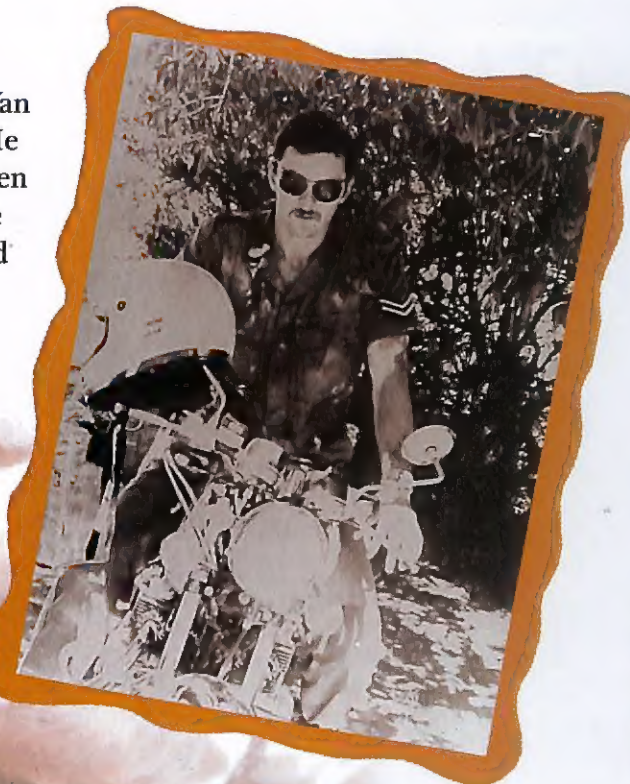
IN YOUR EYE!

In 1977, eight-year-old Julian Fabricius fell over in a field in Worcester. When he developed an itchy eye, he was given some ointment for it. A year later, the eye really began to hurt and his vision was affected. An amazed eye specialist found an alien life form trying to break free! The life form was, in fact, a 4mm-long plant with two tiny leaves growing from his eye (see left). Experts think that Julius slightly punctured his eye as he fell. The seed 'moved into' the wound and lay dormant for a year. Warm and moist, the seedling then started to grow!

THE BIKER HIKER

In Cape Province, South Africa, army corporal Van Jaarsveld offered a girl a lift on his motorbike. He gave her a helmet and a spare radio earpiece, then drove off to Uniondale. Later, he stopped for the first time to check a dodgy tyre and was horrified to find the girl's helmet strapped to the empty pillion! His fear grew when he realised that the radio earpiece he had given her was now in his own ear!

When other bikers told of similar experiences with a girl in the same clothes, in the same place and at the same time of year, a man came forward to say that his fiancée, Maria, had been killed in a car crash at that very spot and time of year. His description of her, and the clothes she was wearing when she died, was exactly as all of the bikers had described.



◀ **SOARING SCALES**
As no photos exist, SpineChiller brings you our artist's impression of what the flying snake might look like.

AERIAL SNAKE ATTACK!

A teenager in the mountains of Namibia once threw a stone at a huge, unknown reptile with wings near its mouth. A bright light shone on its head, which could have been sun shining on some very reflective scales.

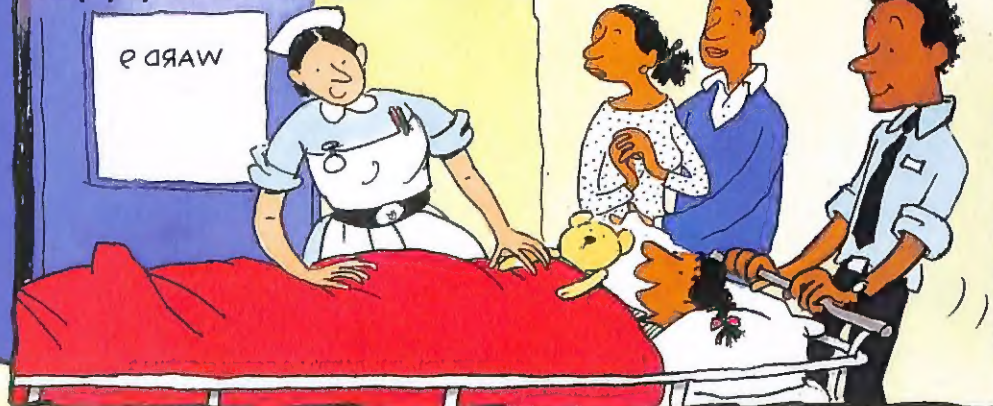
On another day, an identical creature launched itself from a rocky ledge and soared down – using its 'wings' – straight at the terrified boy! Luckily it missed him, but it landed heavily and sped off. Its tracks were confirmed as those of a snake. Could this weird creature have been seeking revenge for that earlier stone-throwing attack?

THE MORGUE THE MERRIER

A friend of a friend was a student in Johannesburg...



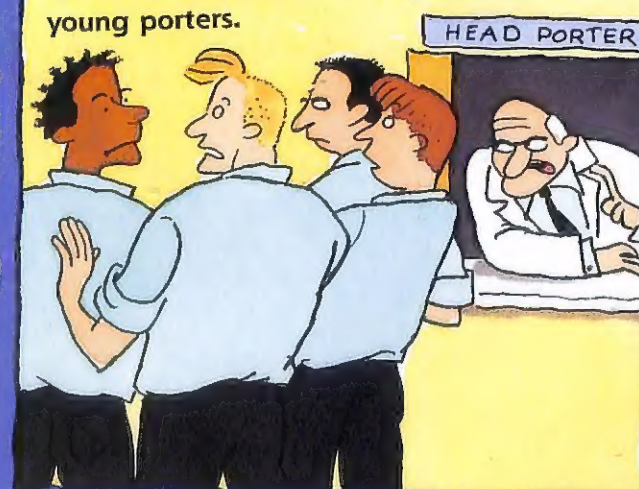
1 Always broke, Sam worked in his vacations as a hospital porter to help pay for his studies.



2 There were several other young porters and Sam had a real laugh with them.



3 However, the humourless Head Porter was always telling off the young porters.



4 The lads decided to liven the old guy up a bit. Between them, they hatched a great plan.



5 Early next day, they met in the morgue, where the dead bodies were kept. Sam stripped off and lay on a slab. His mates covered him with a sheet and tied a label to his big toe.



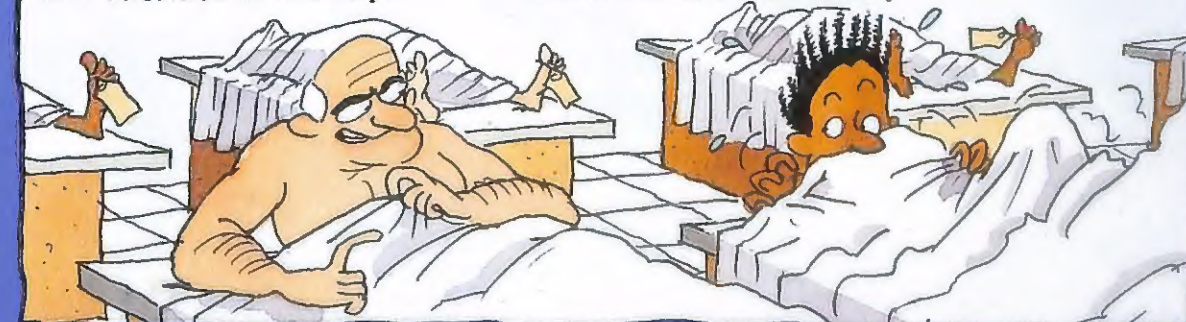
6 The gang wished him luck and left. The plan was that when the Head Porter arrived, Sam would sit up, wail like a ghost and give the old man the fright of his life!

7 After ten minutes, the Head Porter – who had never been late in his life – still hadn't arrived. Sam was freezing on that cold slab and frightened with only corpses for company.



8 Suddenly, the body next to Sam rolled over and groaned. Sam screamed as the corpse

threw back its shroud only to realise that the Head Porter had turned the tables on him!





THE COTTINGLEY FAIRIES

Special Investigation File: 12

Subject: photographs of fairies and gnomes taken by two girls in 1917
Place: Cottingley, Yorkshire

SpineChiller creates a file

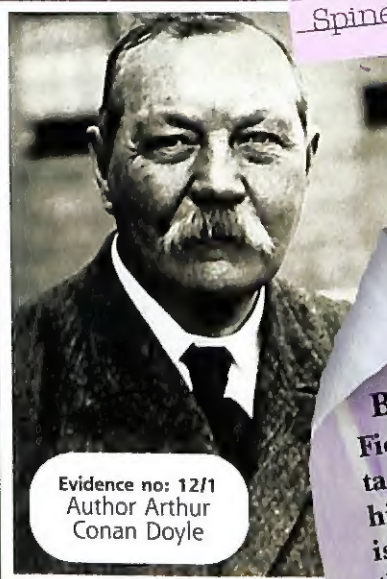
BACKGROUND INFORMATION

In the summer of 1917, an 11-year-old girl called Frances Griffiths went to stay in the village of Cottingley, Yorkshire. Her uncle and aunt, Arthur and Polly Wright, had a 15-year-old daughter, Elsie, and the girls spent their holidays exploring the area.

The cousins borrowed Mr Wright's camera to record one of their walks. When he developed their first photograph, he was astonished to see his niece Frances surrounded by tiny, dancing fairies.

Later, he developed another amazing picture, showing Elsie talking to a gnome. However, he simply assumed that the images were fakes.

The episode was forgotten until 1920, when Polly Wright attended a lecture about fairy life. Afterwards, she asked the lecturer, Edward Gardner, to look at her daughter's pictures. He sent them to a professional photographer, called Mr Snelling, to find out if they were fakes. Both men decided that the photos were genuine, and Gardner began to show them at his lectures.



Evidence no: 12/1
Author Arthur Conan Doyle

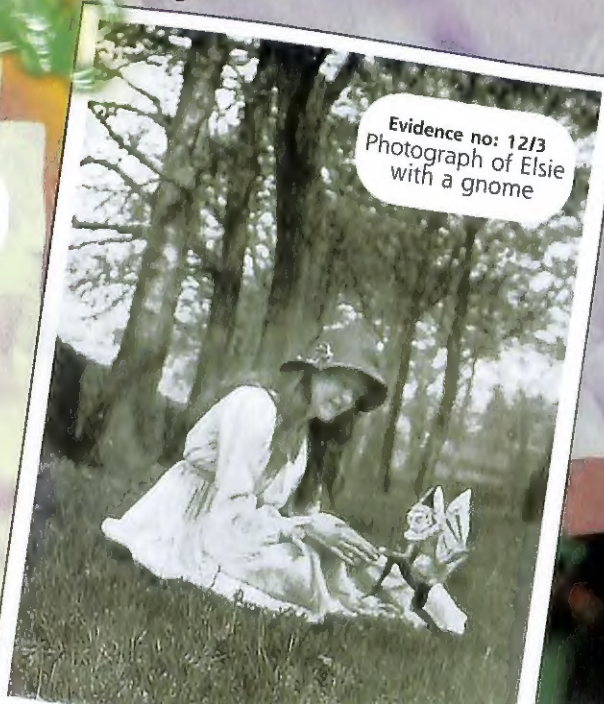
January 1921

AUTHOR BELIEVES IN FAIRIES!

Fictional detective Sherlock Holmes tackles flesh-and-blood crooks. But his creator, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, is more interested in spirits. Now this newspaper can reveal that he even believes in fairies!

Conan Doyle confessed his interest in a *Strand Magazine* article last Christmas. It was about fairy photos taken by two girls in Yorkshire. A friend of the author, Edward Gardner, went to visit the girls. Three more pictures were produced during his visit. Conan Doyle and Mr Gardner are convinced the snaps are genuine.

Evidence no: 12/3
Photograph of Elsie with a gnome



July 31, 1920

re Two Fairy Negatives

These two negatives are entirely genuine unfaked photographs... there is no trace whatever of studio work involving card or paper models, dark backgrounds, painted figures, etc. In my opinion, they are both straight untouched pictures.

Evidence no: 906/2
Mr Snelling's letter to Edward Gardner



Evidence no: 12/4
Frances surrounded by fairies



Evidence no: 12/6
Fairy offering flowers to Elsie

5th April 1983

FAIRY TALE FIASCO

Fairy photographs taken in 1917 by two girls in Yorkshire have been declared fakes. In 1977, the writer, Fred Gettings, saw a picture of almost identical fairies in a 1914 publication called *Princess Mary's Gift Book*. Similar pictures had appeared in a night light advert that the girls, Frances and Elsie, might have seen. So it seemed likely that they had simply copied them.

In March this year, Frances told *The Times* newspaper that the fairies had been painted by Elsie and stuck on to pieces of card. The two girls had then placed them by a stream and taken the photos. Yesterday, a letter from Elsie confirming Frances' story appeared in the same paper. So, the Cottingley Fairies don't exist after all!

Dear Joe

I hope you are quite well... I am sending you two photos, both of me, one is me in a bathing costume in our back yard, Uncle Arthur took that, while the other is me with some fairies up the beck, Elsie took that one...

Confidential

Price's Night Lights



Evidence no: 12/7
The night lights advertisement

Evidence no: 12/5
Letter from Frances to a friend

9 November 1918

CLASSIC



SERIAL

Chapter 3

SQUIRE TOBY'S WILL

Retold from the story by Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu

Shortly after the arrival of the two men in black at Gylingden Hall, the Squire summoned old Cooper to the parlour.

"Why have you been frightening people with your stories, Cooper? If you imagine you see ghosts here, you should pack your bags and leave. I won't have you scaring off the other servants."

"But, Master Charles, it's me who tells them they're imagining things. Whatever I might think, I keeps it to meself."

Despite his discomfort at seeing the two dark figures enter the house, Cooper really had dismissed the other servants' stories of strange goings-on as nothing but idle gossip. He had almost talked himself into believing that the mourners, finding no one to receive

them, had left the house and driven away. "I know you're no fool, Cooper," said Charles, softening his tone. "But you mustn't let the other servants stir things up with their gossip about hauntings."

Later that night, Cooper was sitting in the kitchen with a bottle of brandy and two glasses, as Charles had said he would join him for a drink before bed. As the fire in the hearth grew dimmer, the old butler thought about happier times at Gylingden Hall. Gradually, he fell into a deep sleep.

Cooper was awakened by the sound of laughter. Then a voice said, "You weren't at the funeral. For that, I might just take your life." Suddenly, the butler felt a violent push on the side of his head. He could see no-one else in the room,

but a guttering candle was throwing shadows on the wall that looked like the two mourners who had entered the house earlier. Cooper picked up the candle and started out towards his bedroom. But then his master's bell rang loudly.

As Cooper opened the parlour door, the Squire's voice cried out,

"Who's there?"

"It's me, old Cooper, Master Charlie. You didn't come to the kitchen, sir."

"I'm bad, Cooper," Charles responded, stretching out his hand. "Don't leave me. Give me your hand. Now, look round the room and say all is right." The Squire's hand was damp, cold and trembling. It was nearly dawn.

After a time, Charles spoke again. "I'm not ready to die, Cooper. I'm going to change my ways. Give up drinking. Take a wife. A good, homely lass, who'll take care of me. I'll talk with the parson. And do what's right from now on."

Though Cooper pleaded urgently with him to get some sleep, the Squire, looking wild and distracted, went out for a walk. Cooper then sent for the doctor, who arrived shortly before Charles's return. At first the Squire resisted the doctor's order to go to bed, but finally gave in. "I'll do as you say. Only I mustn't be left alone. Old Cooper must stay with me and keep watch."

The doctor brought a nurse from the County Hospital to look after the Squire. Her name was Mrs Oliver. Old Cooper was ordered to occupy the dressing room and to sit up with his master at night.

Later, a clergyman came to pray with Charles. When he had gone, the Squire called his nurse. He told her never to invite another visitor, hump-backed and wearing black, into the room.

The Squire's condition slowly worsened. Delirious, he talked of dogs and lawyers. Then he began to talk to his brother, Scroope. One night, Mrs Oliver thought she heard a hand trying to turn the door handle outside. Her heart jumped into her mouth

as she remembered the hump-backed man Charles had warned her might appear. She cried out, "Mr Cooper, sir! Are you there? Come here. Quick!" Old Cooper stumbled in from the dressing room, half asleep.

"It's the man with the hump tryin' the door," Mrs Oliver said.

"Impossible," shouted Cooper. "There's no such man in the house."

"Sshhh! listen - there's the handle again!" With a scream Mrs Oliver added, "Look at his head and neck at the door!"

"It's only the shadows from the candle!" cried Cooper. "There's no-one at the door. Look, I'll show you!"

Cooper opened the door. There was no-one there, only a shadow on the passage wall. The butler raised the candle and the shadow beckoned with a long hand as its head drew back. "See? Just a shadow," stuttered Cooper. Then, candle in hand, he went into the passage. Peeping round the corner, he saw the shadow again. It beckoned and withdrew. "It's only the candle," he repeated. On he went, both angry and frightened at how the shadow eluded him, then summoned him onwards.

Underlined words are explained in WORD POWER.

At last, it seemed almost to dissolve into an old cabinet as he approached it. The cabinet had a wolf's head carved into the centre panel. Leaning forward, Cooper saw the unmistakable grinning mouth of Scroope Marston, his fierce eyes gleaming in the candlelight. The butler stood gazing



at this sight, unable to move. Finally, the face and figure of Scroope began to emerge from the wood. Wild with fear, Cooper turned, ran back to the bedroom, slammed the door, then locked it behind him.

"Did you hear it?" he whispered. The nurse listened. There was no sound.

"Hear what?" she cried.

WORD POWER

guttering – flickering; about to go out

distracted – confused; bewildered

delirious – wandering in one's mind; hallucinating

eluded – got away from; escaped

coroner – an official who investigates suspicious deaths

Cooper shook his head. "I'm such a fool to be frightened by your talk. You've got me so's the dropping of a pin would frighten me now," he spluttered. For the rest of the night, he sat by the fire and drank brandy.

As time passed, the Squire recovered from his fever, but did not become well enough to leave Gylingden Hall as he had intended. The nurse left, so Cooper alone took care of his master through the night. One evening, Charles began to speak to his servant very seriously.

"You know as well as I do who's in the house, don't you, Cooper? My brother, Scroope, and my father, Toby."

"Don't say that," said Cooper sternly.

"What's the good of pretending?" asked the Squire. "It was Scroope hit you on the side of the head. You know he did. He's angry. He's nearly taken my life with this fever. And he's not done with me yet."

Cooper gazed in silence at Charles.

"I'm tired, Cooper. You know what they mean to do with me. That's all I wanted to say. Now, I'm going to sleep."

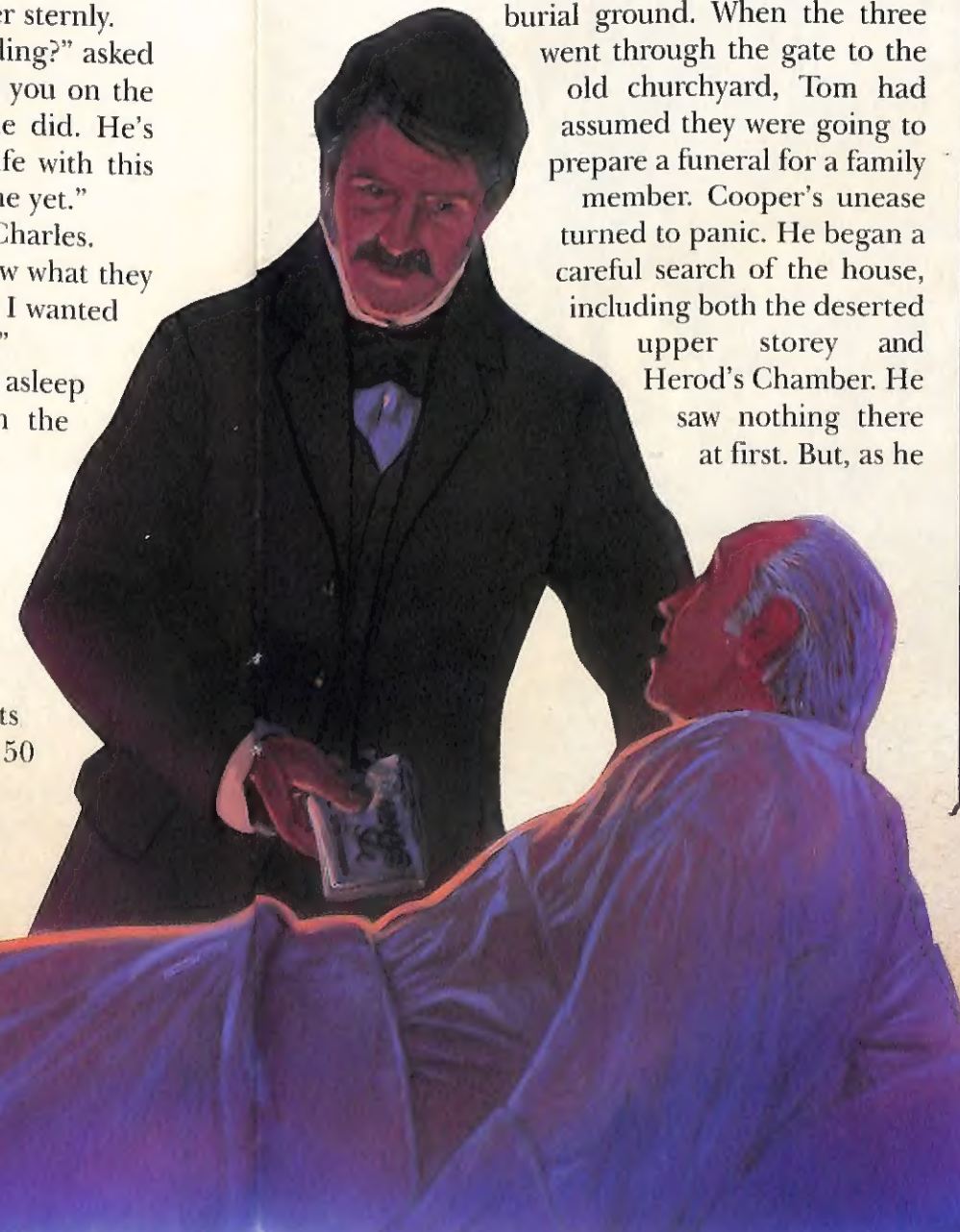
Cooper watched Charles fall asleep then went to his own bed in the dressing room.

In the night, Cooper woke to find the Squire pressing two banknotes into his hand and saying, "I got the rents from Hazelden yesterday. Keep 50 pounds yourself. Give the rest away. I saw Scroope. He's not so bad. I told him I'd do anything for him, so I'll sleep more soundly now. Goodnight!"

The Squire laid his trembling hand on the old man's shoulder, then returned to his room. Cooper drifted back off to sleep, determined to fetch the doctor again as soon as morning came. But at dawn, when he went into the Squire's room, Charles was not there. "He'll be back," the old butler thought to himself. But his master did not return. And when it became clear that the Squire was not in the house, Cooper felt a growing sense of unease.

Later the same day, the butler met a man called Tom Edwards. Edwards told him that he had been driving his cart to market at four o'clock that morning and was certain that he had seen, only twenty yards ahead of him, three men walking along the road from Gylingden Hall to the Marston burial ground. When the three

went through the gate to the old churchyard, Tom had assumed they were going to prepare a funeral for a family member. Cooper's unease turned to panic. He began a careful search of the house, including both the deserted upper storey and Herod's Chamber. He saw nothing there at first. But, as he



THE FACTS

Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu (1814-1873) began to write seriously when he was studying at Trinity College in Dublin, Ireland. There he wrote many articles and stories for the *Dublin University Magazine*, which he later bought.

During his life, Le Fanu wrote not only short stories, such as *Squire Toby's Will*, but also poems and 12 novels, including *The House by the Churchyard* and *Uncle Silas*. He was always fascinated by the supernatural and describes mysterious events in many of his works.

turned to leave, he noticed a white knot sticking out over the closed closet door. Despite his efforts, the door would not open, as some great weight was lying against it. In time, however, it gave way, then fell back with a heavy crash that sent an echo through the corridors.

Cooper pushed open the door and found his master lying cold and dead on the floor. His white cravat was tied into a noose and pulled tightly around his throat. The butler's worst fears were confirmed. The three men Edwards had seen had been none other than the old squire, Toby, Scroope and poor Charles himself.

The coroner's inquest pronounced that Charles Marston had killed himself while temporarily insane. Old Cooper had his own opinion about the Squire's death, but never discussed it. He moved to York to end his days. There, he regularly attended church, drank only a little, saved his money and tried to forget the terrible events that had taken place at Gylingden Hall.

THE END

NEXT ISSUE:

The Old Nurse's Story by Mrs Gaskell

GRAVEYARD PUZZLES

RIDDLING SKELETONS

These skeletons like riddles. But they also like talking in code. One skeleton says his words backwards, another puts the last letter of each word at the beginning of the word, and the third one changes each letter into the one before it in the alphabet. Can you understand what they are saying and do you know the answers to the riddles?

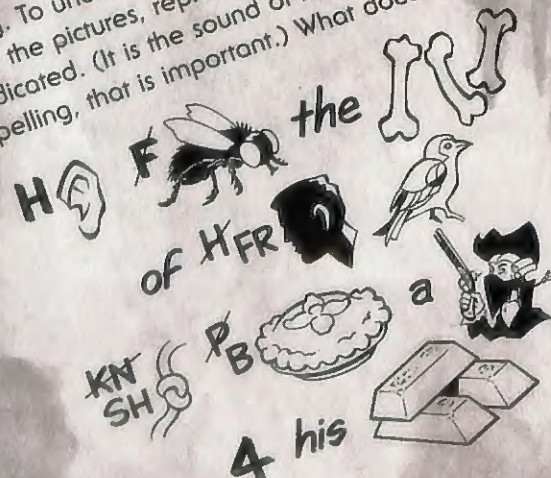
Tahw
snur dnuor eht
drayevarg tuohtiw
gnivom?

Twha
si ti ttha eth nperso owh
smake ti sdoo tno dneee, dan eth
npears owh suse ti tdoesn' wkno eh
si gdoin os?

Vgzs
hr czaj ars lzcd ax
khfgs?

TOMBSTONE PICTURES

This tombstone has an inscription in picture writing. To understand it, say out loud the names of the pictures, replacing the letters where indicated. (It is the sound of the word, not its spelling, that is important.) What does it say?



EPITAPHS

Look at the epitaphs on the graves – the last line of each one is missing. Can you guess the correct ending to these lines and then match them to the right epitaph? Who was lost at sea and never —! And put an end to —. To die with mother than live with —

HERE LIES THE BODY
OF EDITH BONE
ALL HER LIFE SHE LIVED
ALONE
UNTIL DEATH CAME TO HER
ADDRESS

HERE LIES THE BODY OF
JOHN MOUND

HERE LIES THE MOTHER
OF CHILDREN SEVEN
FOUR ON EARTH AND
THREE IN HEAVEN
THE THREE IN HEAVEN
PREFERRING RATHER

FANTASTIC FACTS

The Day of the Dead is a happy time in Mexico. It is when the souls of the dead return to the world of the living. As the Dead love sugar, shops are piled high with sugar skulls decorated with coloured icing and a special sweet bread of the dead — mmm!

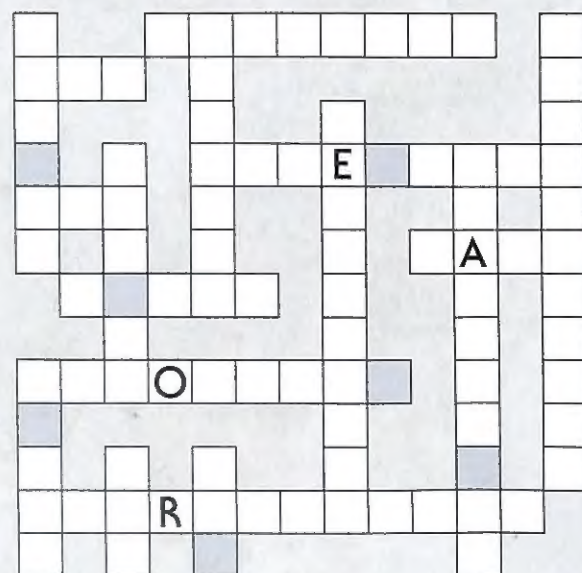
LITTER BUG

Vracula the Vegetarian Vampire is flying over the graveyard, looking to see if there is anything he can eat. Take the first letters of the eight pieces of litter left among the gravestones and rearrange them to spell something Vracula likes to eat.

GRIDLOCK

Fit all these words into the grid. Then rearrange the letters in the shaded squares to spell out the name of a type of ghost.

ARM EYE INN OAR WASP GHOST
GNOME ARCHER RIBBON KITTENS
SKITTLES GYROSCOPE TELESCOPE
HELICOPTER ORANGUTANG
CATERPILLAR MERRYGOROUND



GRAVE LANDSCAPE

There are six pictures round the page and one of them contains one thing from each of the other five pictures — can you see which one it is?

FREAKY FACTS

Heydon Ditch in Cambridgeshire is a Saxon earthwork fortification. Legend has it that it is haunted by ghosts of giant warriors. In the 1950s, graves were found there that contained the bones of very tall men — with their heads chopped off!

ANSWERS

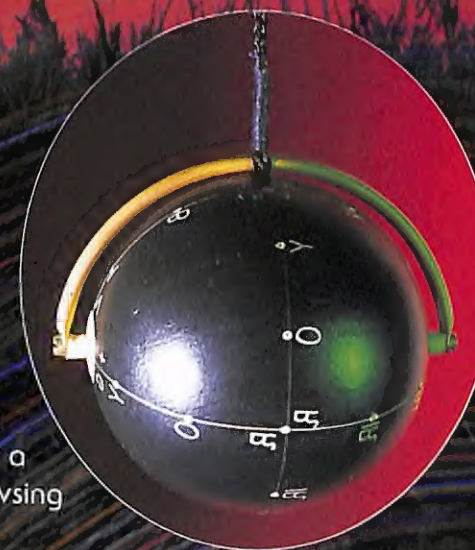
LITTER BUG: The objects are pipe, oilcan, ring, razor, iron dunny, glasses, egg. The letters spell PORRIDGE. RIDDLING SKELETONS. 1 What runs round the graveyard without moving? The fence. 2 What is it that the person who makes it does not need, and the person who uses it doesn't know he is doing so? A coffin. 3 What is dark but made by light? A shadow. TOMBS/STONE PICTURES. 1 Here lie the bones of Fred Bird. Shot by a highwayman for his gold. EPITAPHS. Here lies the body of Edith Bone. All her life she lived alone. Until Death came to her address. And put an end to loneliness. Here lies the body of John Mound. Who was lost at sea and never found. Here lies a mother of children seven! Four on earth and three in heaven! The three in heaven preferring rather to die with mother than live with father. GRAVE LANDSCAPE. Picture 5 GRIDLOCK. The ghost is a banshee.

DOWSING



◀ CIRCLES OF ENERGY
The French Universal Pendulum is said to give out electromagnetic waves.

Dowsing has been used all over the world for hundreds of years. People who dowsing can find hidden objects using the vibrations of a 'divining' tool — a forked hazel twig, metal rods or a pendulum. Most people use dowsing to find water. The dowser walks along holding the two prongs of a hazel twig. When he or she is standing over the water source, the twig vibrates and points either up or down. But it is also possible to dowsing for all sorts of other things: coal, metals, old silver coins — even buried murder victims.



MURDER TRAIL
In the late 1600s a French dowser, Jacques Aymar, dug up the head of a missing woman, instead of the water he was expecting to find. When he confronted the woman's husband, Aymar's divining rod started to move, and the man fled. Aymar went on to solve many murders.

In the early 1900s a French cleric called Abbé Mermet got a reputation for finding bodies by dowsing over a map. His special pendulum had a hollow centre, into which he placed something related to the missing person.

PENDULUM PRACTICE

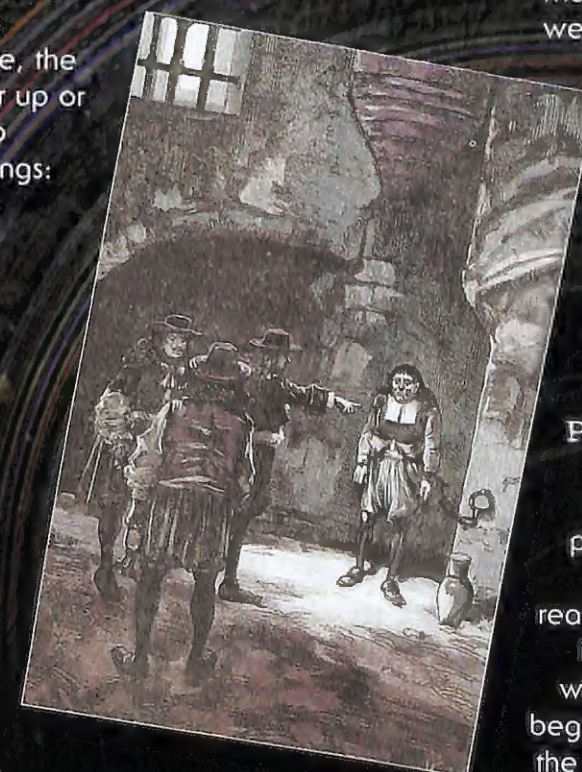
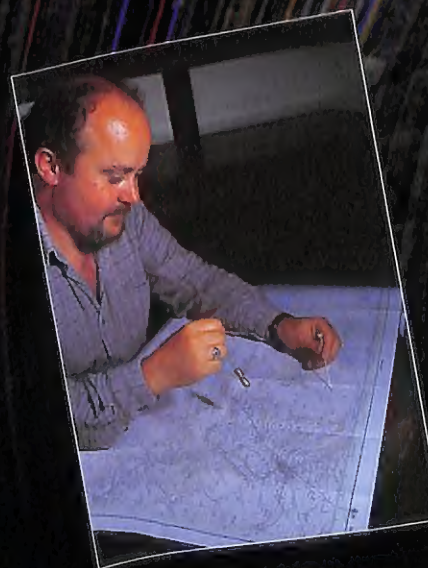
In the 1960s, a British man, Tom Lethbridge, gave the pendulum a further swing. He discovered that a pendulum reacts to anything — what counts is the length of the cord from which it swings. The pendulum began to rotate over silver when the cord was 55cm long, over a man at 60cm and over a woman at 72.5cm. The length may differ for different dowsers — but once you have identified the length that works for you it remains the same!

▲ HE'LL SWING FOR THAT!

In 1692 the famous dowser Jacques Aymar tracked a murderer for 240 kilometres. The dowsing rod led him to a jail and to a man newly arrested for theft.

▲ MYSTERIOUS MAP DOWSING

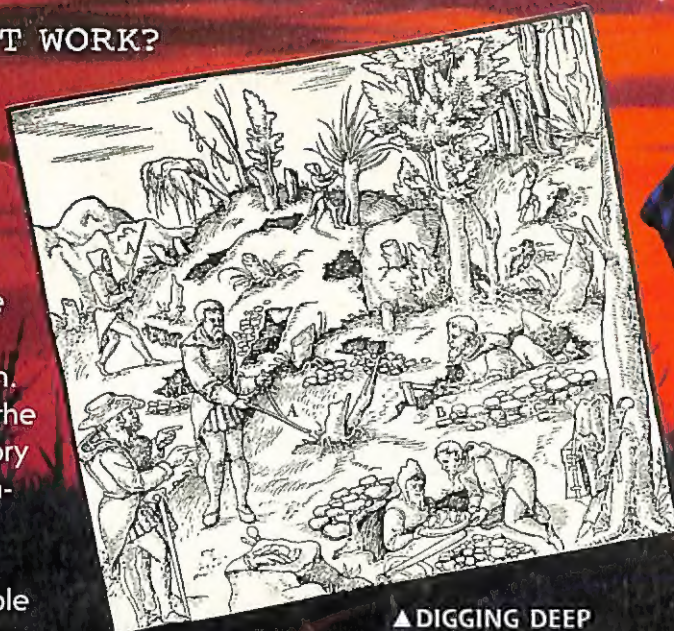
A dowser tunes in to the material he is looking for, then moves a pendulum over a map.



HOW DOES IT WORK?

For many years it was believed that an outside force moved the dowsing tool, but today it is accepted that the dowser suffers a tiny muscle spasm. But what causes the spasm? One theory involves the extra-low frequency electromagnetic waves from people and Earth. Perhaps dowsing is an interaction between these two magnetic fields? However this does not explain dowsing over a map – which has also proved very successful!

Why dowsing works is really an unexplained mystery. The extraordinary thing is that anyone can dowse successfully. So why not trust your own skills and have a go?



▲ DIGGING DEEP

This 1500s woodcut shows how dowsing was used to find minerals to be mined.

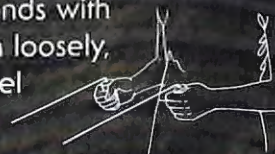


DIY DOWSING

1 Ask an adult to cut two divining rods from two metal coat hangers.



2 Protect the short ends with corks and hold them loosely, with the rods parallel to each other.



3 Hold the rods next to the object you are looking for. Imagine the object as you look for it.

4 If the tips of the rods cross, this could be the spot you are looking for. The rods may also swing to one side or swing apart.

5 Happy dowsing!

◀ WHERE'S THE WATER?

The water diviner George Pascoe was responsible for finding and sinking hundreds of wells throughout Cornwall.

